

Ah, the Pity of It!

The gambler's wife had alone沉没 in severe. somehow to-day she could not keep her thoughts from wandering to her Major friend. I say, those

A Retreat in Good Order.

Major Elson Putnam Carronade, of the Veterans' Club, was a brave soldier and a great poker-player. His friends were wont to allege that he would rather fight than eat, and that he would rather play poker than sleep. He had a weakness, however, for winning poker, and the old saying, "How to the line, let the chips fall where they will," never passed him. He always wanted the chips to fall his way.

At the club the Major usually played a winning game, and Comrade Drew, who invariably lost his pension money, threatened again and again to import from Baltimore a certain Colonel Jack Potts, late C. S. A., who, he said, could play poker all around the Major. One night it was announced that on the following Friday Potts would be at the club, and asked the Major if he would meet the Baltimorean in a friendly game.

"Meet him?" cried the fiery Major, "of course I'd meet him. Poker or pistols, cards or cutlasses, Major Elson Putnam Carronade, U. S. A., never refuses to meet a foe in a fair fight."

When Friday evening came all the poker players in the club were on hand to see the Major beaten. Colonel Potts arrived early, but Major Carronade did not appear. In his stead came a telegram announcing that circumstances over which he had no control would rob him of the pleasure of meeting Colonel Potts Friday evening.

The players were greatly disappointed, and the opinion was general that the Major had known the white feather.

The next time he appeared at the club was a dozen of his friends rallied him sharply about his non-appearance the previous Friday.

"I was sorry I could not come," the Major said earnestly.

"Pressing engagement," I suppose, snarled Comrade Drew.

"No," the Major resumed quietly, "but last Friday was Good Friday, wasn't it?"

Certainly, but what has Good Friday to do with your breaking an engagement? meet Jack Potts, one of the best poker players in the country?" snarled Drew.

The Major glared at the sarcastic Drew so severely regarding Mrs. His face reddened,

and he leaped to his feet.

"What has Good Friday to do with it?" he roared. "It has nothing to do with it. What do you take me for, anyway? Do you think I've got so blanked little religion about me that I would play poker with anybody on Good Friday?"

He Took No Chances.

Harold was only a young lawyer of slender practice and precarious income, but then everybody admitted that he was extremely clever, and many prophesied that if he lived he would attain to the loftiest heights of fame and fortune. Moreover, he was extremely handsome and much sought after by all the eligible organizations who would doubtless decidedly clinched at her very conquest.

So thought Gwendolin. Money doesn't make less

time than it has taken me to write it all down, and she did not interrupt her eager murmur as he poured forth his professions of

such his profound love for her.

Gwendolin was an extremely practical young lady. She realized that she had wealth enough for both, and to spare. She calmly confessed to herself that she loved Harold better than she did any other man she had ever met. As I

actually being in love with him she hardly knew; but then they were both young, and the natural marriage economy need not take place for several years to come. And so she blithely informed the one she loved that she wished to have a west-arm to measure her finger for bearing.

After this little ceremony was duly completed, Harold drove down his time-contracted legal location agreement.

"I know, darling," he said in a low whisper, "I'll come to you whenever you want me, however neglect the smallest opportunity of presenting it, and I know that you will do me in this business by signing this little arrangement which I have drawn up."

"I shall be jealous of your old law business if you can't think of anything else when you are with me," he intoned merrily, but nevertheless she took up the pearl necklace and placed her signature to the paper, leaving him speechless.

They dined at a restaurant just down the street, and the young couple were completely absorbed in each other. The young woman was dressed in a light green dress with an elaborate lace collar, and her hair was done in a very becoming fashion. Her husband, however, was in a dark suit, and his hair was combed back as neatly as mine.

"Why not, of course not," giggled back the young girl merrily, as he caressed her telepathically. "I'm the greatest. I can answer any sum that Gwendolin can. It is a small matter to consistently surpass one's own wife, have

make it an average."

Mrs. MAXIMUM is better off than her husband, I told him to do.

Friends like me are changeable persons. You may as well as believe that you don't talk to me.

A Napoleon of the Papers.

It was a clear, cold day. The ground was trodden hard under foot, and the chill feel of the air, as well as the lowering cloud banks to the southward, betokened that a heavy fall of snow within an extremely short time was not at all improbable.

Yet three individuals seemed totally unheeding of the approaching chunks of weather, and moreover, they were one and all headed for the same locality.

The first was driving a pretty little mare attached to a light carriage, and the glossy coat of the quadruped, as well as the shining varnish of the vehicle, all with their tail of high prised value. As further confirmation one had only to note the rotting and self-same appearance of the middle aged driver to be entirely confirmed in his incipient suspicion.

The second specimen of humanity was mounted upon a rubber tired sled of steel omnia to suit the fancy of the reader, and his suit of well fitting tweed and smiling face also seemed proof positive of a substantial financial backing.

The third individual however, was in striking contrast to that twin aforementioned. I might use up several lines of gilt-edged despatch upon him, but the whole thing can be well left to the intelligent reader's imagination in the one word 'tramp.'

Yet, strange to say, he smiled twice to each of the others once, and absolutely shouted when the runabout driver handed him a dollar for opening the gate leading up to the roadside inn. Into this hospitable house they all three entered—the two prosperous ones by the front, the tramp one by the rear door.

No sooner were they comfortably ensconced therein when the threatening snow storm materialized, and kept up the music of a blizzard rate for three whole days. Thus hung somewhat heavy upon the hands of the three imprisoned guests of the roadside inn, but there were plenty of cards and chips, and the great American game was a surpassing solace.

After the storm had abated the erstwhile rugged tramp drove away in the highly vanquished rumble, dressed in the tweed bicycle suit, and with the wheel itself fastened in at the back.

And the Car Moved On.

MOTORMAN—It's no use. We're stuck. I can't fix the generator with these tools.

CONDUCTOR—Wait a

bit. (In a loud voice)

Will some lady in the

car oblige me with a

hairpin?

—

Wanted to Meet her.

"Papa," said the play

sister's little son, "who

is that new aunty I

heard you talking about

to mamma?"

I don't remember

speaking of a new aunty

Willy."

Well, you were telling her

something about Auntie Septie."

Retributive Justice.

"Bawdy-do, then!" saluted the Queen City storekeeper, addressing Farmer Gray-neck, who was driving slowly by. "What kind home was there that you got from the chicken farmer in the city last week?"

"Muck," replied the honest agriculturist, halting his team and waiting in feigning anticipation for the chance to spring his little joke.

"Hm! That's a funny name. Why are they called Muckduff?"

Because they—haw-haw—always lay on.

And then the farmer's long-suffering horses suddenly bolted and ran wildly down the village street, upsetting the wagon and throwing their master out on a mass of jagged rocks. His back was broken, and he died soon after in awful agony, amid the huzzas of all the bystanders.

Maiden Meditation.

The fair young girl reclined at ease upon the cushioned divan, and concentrated the whole force of her intellect upon the weighty subject.

"Let me see," she mused

condescendingly. "I have every

reason to believe that

Algernon will propose

for my next and hand

in marriage this very

evening. Now I should

most assuredly make a

careful examination of

my natural feelings

toward him, so as to be

able to give him a candid

and decisive answer one way

or another. Let me ask myself fairly and squarely—Do

I really love Algernon Mutt

with that complete fervor

and abandon which was so abso-

lutely necessary to com-

plete marital happiness, or is

merely a sisterlike affection

for him that has deceived me?"

At this precise moment her little brother Tommy flung open the room door, gave a second command, and then war whoop, and made a rapid exit in the direction of the box of caramels.

"I'll stamp," she shrieked, pushing roughly him by the ear and leaping into the hall again. "Don't you come fooling around me or I'll take my trunk strap to you."

After the excitement had somewhat subsided she resumed her former comfortable position, as well as her previous meditation.

The sum of the whole was contained in the last sentence, which she recited forth with blushing cheeks and downcast eyes, although she was already alone.

She modestly avowed to me that my love for Algernon is like unto

the sun, and that the moon is like unto

the earth, and that the stars are like unto

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